



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE

### MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

(Continued.)

The lady was again lost in thought—"It is not possible," said she. "I know his whole family, though not personally; he has but a father living, and has neither brother, sister, nor any other relation. If he dies without issue, the whole patrimony will devolve to distant cousins, of a different name. It is nevertheless possible that you may be right.—Chance sometimes impresses the stamp of intellectual resemblance on persons who are not at all related. If this were the case in the present instance, if the lady resembled but in one single feature him whom nobody resembles, there is nothing that I would not do for her; for the sake of that one single feature I would myself watch beside her bed, and perform for her all the offices of a tender nurse. Leonora, are you certain that she looks like him?"

Leonora began to be impatient.

"As sure as I have eyes, she resembles the picture you once shewed me."

The lady put her hand to her bosom, and drew out a concealed portrait, suspended by a gold chain. Holding it close to Leonora's eyes,—“Is it this,” she asked, “is it this portrait that she resembles?”

“Yes, this,” replied Leonora. “Then I am once more permitted to have a sight of that dear beclouded face.”

“Look well at this, without the cloud, which exists only in your imagination! If it be like the stranger, go immediately, my dear girl, direct the green room to be prepared, order the coach again, and go without loss of time and fetch the lady. But tell her not a word about the picture—or —.”

Leonora frowned. Her mistress embraced her. “I know you will not say any thing,” said she; “forgive me, and fetch the stranger.”

Thus the recluse resolved to perform a good action to which

duty and benevolence alone would not have persuaded her. Her asylum afforded no immediate accommodations for the reception of a stranger, and still less of a sick person; and besides, she ran the risk of losing her partiality for her retreat in consequence of the visits of the physician, and the going in and out of the servants of another, or of becoming better known than was consistent with the plan of her life.

In every history there are circumstances which instead of being detailed in words, ought to be indicated with a single stroke, because they are understood of themselves. In this part of the present history such a stroke could signify nothing but this:—Leonora hastened to execute her commission; after one or more refusal, which is a tribute that custom imperiously demands in such cases, the stranger gladly accepted the invitation; a physician was fetched from the nearest town; the two ladies in a few days conceived such an affection for each other as though they had lived in mutual intimacy from their infancy, though the mistress of the castle never paid visits to the sick-bed of her guest without her black veil, as already described.

Moralist, people who hunt in the human mind as divines do in Bible, to collect materials for sermons which are most unwelcome to those who have most occasion

for them, pretend that two female hearts cannot possibly approach each other without feeling the necessity of reciprocal communication. This necessity, say they, sometimes operates with such force, that the stream of words at length burst like a mountain torrent from the most reserved lips, and even breaks down the dykes of prudence and self-interest. They therefore advise every man, who resolves to entrust a female friend or neighbour, and not to be angry if that takes place in this way, which according to the laws of nature cannot fail to occur.

Thus who maintain a principal may defend it. Secrets are better kept by many a woman than by many a man, were it only in this case that the former is too proud, too mistrustful, too independent, or too reserved to want or to seek a female friend or confidante.

The mistress of the castle felt, to her own astonishment, a disposition to confirm the doctrine of the moralists. Why then, being perfectly aware of what she was about, did she indulge a disposition so contrary to all her principles and resolutions? Will it be believed that the evident resemblance between the sick lady and the man whose picture was the idol of this sequestered temple, was the flame that dissolved the seal of prudence on the lips of the reserved recluse? In two long years her Leonora, with all her affection and



fidelity, had not been able to obtain from her, in her most communicative moments, any more than a few fragments of her life, which were far from forming a complete history. But the impression of this unaccountable resemblance was too strong for a mournful enthusiast; and this impression was converted into an anxiety that banished every recollection, by the reciprocal sensibility of the patient, who returned every demonstration of attachment, and by carefully abstaining from all inquisitive questions seemed to acquire a claim to a complete explanation.

To this was added a discovery which the recluse fancied she had made, and immediately communicated to Leonora.

"What," said she secretly to Leonora, "did our sick friend tell you what her name is, when you first asked her?"

"Madame Friedberg, I believe she pronounced it. Did she tell you a different name?"

"No; but she blushed when she pronounced it, and appeared embarrassed as though she had done something improper. May not some secret be concealed beneath this name? May she not have had reasons for assuming it? Can her fortune bear any resemblance to mine, as the face does to that of the man for whose sake I am reduced to my present situa-

tion? Why does she not mention a single word concerning her relations? At this moment I know no more than that she is unmarried.—And yet she travels alone!"

Leonora could give no other answer than that she should like to know. The maid and servants of the patient, did not as they said, belong to the lady herself, and either could not or would not give any farther information than that Madame Friedberg was Madame Friedberg.

Madame Friedberg recovered from her illness, which was a violent fever produced by a cold, so rapidly that the recluse trembled at the prospect of parting. Never since she resided within these walls had her mind been so agitated. She could no more suffer the stranger to depart till she had ascertained the reason of the extraordinary resemblance, than she could think of means to detain her longer, or to obtain from her any farther explanation. The resemblance seemed to disappear in proportion as returning health sparkled in the eyes and glowed upon the cheeks of the stranger; but she still continued to observe what she had once remarked.

Amid these perplexing sentiments, conjectures, and wishes, the recluse invited her friend, who was as averse as herself to speak of her departure, to walk in the garden, which since it was first laid out and converted into an artificial

wilderness had not been trodden by the foot of a stranger. Had it been, in the sequel so carefully shut up, the reader must have dispensed with this description.—A high inner wall parted this mystical garden from the courtyard of the castle. To the only door by which it could be entered, the way led through a room, the key of which the mistress of the castle always carried about her.—All the windows which formerly looked that way, were walled up, except two that belonged to a particular apartment which was alike inaccessible to the domestics of the lady and to strangers. The inner side of the garden wall was covered with ivy; a narrow path ran between the wall and a five-fold row of fir-trees, beyond which was a hedge of shrubs. Through this verdant border of the mysterious garden, winding path conducted to the places where the recluse had prepared a mournful banquet for her memory in a variety of monuments. "Here," said she to her curious companion. "here I have buried my joys. Here also have I placed mementos upon their graves. It is easy to laugh at imaginary happiness, but difficult to make compensation to those whom we deprive of it. For he who has recourse to the creatures of fancy, proves that real life is unsatisfactory or that it has no longer any joys for him. That I may hear no reflections on the last productions of my fancy, I keep them concealed from all.—

For you, my friend, I have transgressed my law. Why I have done it, he alone knows, who has made you so dear to me."

The stranger pressed her face to the bosom of the recluse, who thus proceeded:—

"You cannot forbear thinking that I am the greatest of fools, or that I am very unhappy, and for reasons of great importance concealed with such care my persons and all that concerns me. I do not however believe that you will be an unjust judge. You do not look as if you were capable of being so."

The stranger assured her in the warmest terms of the sympathy which she felt for one whose lot she thought so extraordinary.

"Not so extraordinary," replied the recluse, "for it is of my own choice?"

"Of your own choice?"

"Most certainly, and had I not acted as I have done, I should have despised myself. Now I alone suffer.—But come and see the childish inventions which are now my sole enjoyment. In that chesnut tree upon the little hill it is not likely that you can discover any thing remarkable. It, however, reminds me of a tree of the same kind which stood upon such another hill, and in whose shade a most excellent man made a deep impression upon my soul.—Let us



go to the pond. Do you see that boat? On such a pond I once amused myself with the same man. The boat in which we were, was painted red and had two seats just like this. We must now pay a visit to the rock. It is very happily executed after a drawing which I sketched from memory.—But first let us step into the cottage before we proceed to the rock.—In such a cottage I once drank milk with the same man out of a wooden bowl.”

The amiable enthusiast thus conducted the stranger from one monument of past happiness to another, and at length took her into a small, elegant house, the apartments of which were furnished, as she said, even to the minutest object, that had not escaped her memory, like those of another habitation where she had experienced both happiness and sorrow. In one of these apartments stood a harpsichord; a second contained a library; a third, which she said was a drawing room, was not opened by the recluse. Over the harpsichord and in the library hung a vacant picture-frame.

“What think you of these empty frames?” asked the mistress of the castle.

“That they ought to be filled,” replied the stranger.

The recluse cast a look at the frames—such a look as none but a Shakspeare should have darted

from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, when an angel dictated to him in the name of his Miranda the question:—“Ferdinand, dost thou love me?”—And to us no other than a spirit that desires to be nameless, imparted in confidence the history of that look:—for what the stranger saw through the veil of the recluse resembled only a glim of sunshine through a cloud.

“The frames are filled whenever I look at them,” exclaimed the veiled enthusiast.

“My dear friend!” said the stranger, pressing the hand of her conductress; “you must not look too long at those frames. You run the risk—”

“Of losing my reason?” interrupted the recluse. “Oh! that I were exposed to no other danger. My reason is extremely tenacious. Have you not heard of a madman who lived in Athens of old, and was happy under the notion that all the ships which entered the port of that city were his property. That kind of happiness is denied me; for I know but too well the distinction between what is real and what is only imaginary. I resign myself with perfect self recollection to the reveries of imagination, and am but too well convinced of their unreality.”

[To be continued.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.  
.....

MR. WHITELY,

*The following remarks on the entertainments at Ballston, were intended for a small paper printed at that place, and were of course, to have been addressed to the editor of it, but were not completed in time:—By giving them a place in your Miscellany, you will oblige*

A SUBSCRIBER.

AND so, this is Ballston! humph. This is Ballston; as Sterne said of Paris, when he was driven in by the postillion. Not that I was ushered into the place with so much cracking and flourishing as he describes. On the contrary, I made my *entree* in a hack, not having it in my power to dash upon them in a coach, or a curricule, or even in a gig: And perhaps it is owing to the little noise which I made on my arrival, that I have been silent ever since; a great deal depending, in such matters, upon the first push.

However, here I am; and if you will suffer me to inform you wherefore I came, and what I have been doing, it will be a favour which no other person has been disposed to confer on me; my greatest complaint being, the want of some one to complain to.

You must know, that I am by profession a Teacher, a *Majister*, a ruler, a *pédagogue*, a flogger of boys; or, in one word, a School-master: and that in an evil hour I determined to expend some of my leisure time and loose money in going, where all the world goes, to Ballston.

But I did not consider the perils of such an adventure: I should have communed with myself, and have said, "Friend Garlick, what art thou about to do? Hast thou the acquirements adapted to a watering place? art thou the go? art thou up to any thing, and every thing? hast thou a brazen mask, wherein to environ thy college bashfulness?" Alas, no! I should have replied. The world as it goes I am a meer novice in; and my modesty is as fixed as the assurance of the gentlemen of the present day.

But although I neglected to make these enquiries, which would have kept me where I ought to have been, at home; yet I did not neglect such adventitious helps as were within my power, and I was vain enough to imagine that they would bear me out.

I had cherished a pair of whisks for some months before, and had parted with my long hair for the modern crop. I had prepared a coat of the fashionable cut; not a long short coat, but a short long coat, square at the bottom, and with



long sleeves that came to my fingers' ends.

In getting a piece of linen made up, I took care that the collars should reach above my eyes; and I provided myself with a sufficient stock of nankeen and dimity trowsers. What I had omitted, was readily procured at this place—namely, a pair of red or yellow boots, which I made a point of wearing one day over, and the next under my trowsers: but all would not do. And (as the two Tailors who travelled to Paris as gentlemen, thought they were found out because a gentleman cried out—“*Tout a L'Heure*” while they passed,) I could not help fancying that my assumed character was seen thro', and that I could not do it in the true style.

I got lodging at the great house perhaps for some of the reasons mentioned in your fifth number.—I was puzzled at first to find the meaning of the name *sans souci*; I thought it meant a place where people lived without ceremony, and next, that it was a place free from care; but I believe it means a place where nobody cares anything about you.

I had, however, been told, that (to compare small things with great,) it was like travelling in a public stage, where all being embarked in the same bottom, a kind of temporary acquaintance was formed which might be dropped

with the occasion. I had no idea that a formal introduction was necessary, or that I ought to have brought with me a certificate of my birth, parentage and education.

As it is, I found myself in the predicament the most shunned by fashionable people—a person that nobody knows. And although it is possible that on asking a civil question, I might obtain an answer from some, yet such has been my fear of a repulse, that I have hitherto refrained from the attempt, and have remained in a state of taciturnity so long, that I am in some dread of losing the use of my voice. Not that it is as yet absolutely gone; for, in order to satisfy myself in that particular, I took a walk the other day in the country, and in making an essay, I exclaimed in the words of somebody in the play,

“Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom  
Accords with my soul's sadness,”

I did not proceed any further, because talking when there is no one to hear, is nearly as bad as being silent when you are in company.

I have been now three weeks in this state of solitude, if it is not a solecism so to call it; for solitude is, I take it, derived from *solus*, alone; but mine may be called in the lawyer's phrase, a *Quari* solitude. Indeed I perceive now how possible it was for a man to be a-

lone in a croud. This observation, I know, was formerly made by the Spectator, to which character I may also lay claim, having in reality been nothing else since my establishment here.

"Mores Hominum Multorum Vidit."

If, indeed, I could make myself understood by signs as he did, my situation might be more tolerable; for when he wanted fire, he pointed at the hearth, and when he wanted water, to his bason. But it is in vain that I multiply signs indicative of my wants. If I make a point at any thing, the waiter makes a point—of not attending to it; and while we are thus at points, no good understanding can exist between us.

According to the approved custom of the place, I got a seat at dinner at the middle table,

"In Medio Tulissimus ibis."

It may be so, in some cases that might be mentioned but it is not so in this; for, whether it is in pursuance of the rule "first come, first served," or whether strangers are intended to be kept in a state of probation or quarantine, this same middle table appears to be indifferently furnished in comparison with the others. I cannot say much in favor of this arrangement, for it is in vain that the attack is carried on so furiously in the wings while the centre is inactive—for want of ammunition. Nay, as if

every thing was to be in extremes, the middle of the middle table is the worst of all. I have the honor of being seated opposite to a set of castors, garnished with salt cellars, water bottles, red beets and Irish potatoes; and am obliged to forage upon the enemy when I want any thing more substantial; so that I may say with Coriolanus,

"The feast smells well but I  
Appear not like a guest."

The case is not mended at supper nor at breakfast, though I have more coffee and tea within my view; but it is possible that they have adopted the maxim in housewifery—that, "If you light a candle at both ends, the middle will shift for itself."

Although I have acquiesced in the interdiction of the use of speech, I have been a hearer as well as a spectator, and, as one of the audience, I have come in for a share of the song of a neighboring table; but few people are content with being always listeners, and, recollecting the story of a stuttering person, who, nevertheless, could sing without any impediment, I had determined one day to make a desperate push, and to knock myself down for a song;—but the effort extended no further than a gape, and the sounds died hopelessly on my lips.

I must not forget the ladies, I have seen them and heard them,



though they have not heard me. I had indeed prepared some handsome complimentary speeches, which I shall carry back with me unuttered: but I am the easier satisfied with having gazed in silent admiration at their charms, as no words could possibly have done justice to them.

I have been at some of their balls too; and I was in hopes to have figured for once in my life with the great folks in one of their cotillions. But I was frightened at the first dash. Such capering, and such flinging about of legs: I was sure I could never come up to it. But when the manager called for a country dance, I did contrive to get a partner, but was so long about it, that we stood up at the foot; I danced up the set with infinite satisfaction, and might have danced it down, but the lady under pretence of fatigue thought proper to return to her seat. I cannot well blame her, notwithstanding my disappointment, for I had not uttered a syllable to her, good, bad or indifferent; this, however, was not for want of trying. I had been considering all the time, how I should break the ice, and I verily believe I should have opened my mouth if we had stood together five minutes longer.

After this, I made no further effort, considering my locked jaw as firm and incurable: and, having nothing to do but to make my observations, I may, while so em-

ployed, have been mistaken for a philosopher

“*Vir Sapit Qui Pauca Loquitur.*”

as the grammar says.

But although I could not talk, I could walk; and you are not to be told that walking is a favourite exercise at the *sans souci*. Accordingly, having (after a little practice) fixed my hat under my arm, I took my station with more confidence than I thought I was capable of. I found that I performed very well in a *pas seul*, but when it came to your *pas de deux*, I perceived that I could not achieve it; for supposing that I could talk, there was such walking sideways and backwards, and scraping and turning of corners and half bowing, that I must have served a “seven years apprenticeship to good breeding”, before I could have made the attempt, and then if I could walk, the talking part was to be accomplished. The sweet smiles and lively prattle of the fair, no one could have wished to check, but I was surprised and confounded at the volubility of the men.

“*Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.*”

You will say perhaps, that in all the sufferings which I have recounted, I had no one to blame but myself, and that all that was necessary was to do as other people did: but this is easier said than done; and unless I should take a

trip across the Atlantic, for at least spend a winter in some of our own capital towns, there is little chance of amendment.

If, indeed, the thing could be effected by transfer or barter, so that I could exchange a large portion of my modesty for a small one of assurance, it might be a benefit to the contracting parties, and to society also: but as this is rather to be wished than expected, I forbear to dwell upon it.

To return to the walking scene.—Nothing surely could be more delectable than to see, every evening, such a number of fascinating ladies and accomplished gentlemen, parading up and down, and round the large room in different groupes. And yet—shall I confess my want of taste; I got absolutely tired of it, and seeing little else to amuse me, I at length, after much deliberation, hit upon a plan for killing the time between meals, it being the most heavy on my hands. This was no other than consuming it in sleep; and I wonder since that an expedient so obvious, did not occur to me before.

I entered upon this new line of life with alacrity, and “in these deep solitudes and awful cells” I dozed away the hours *sans souci*.

How long this might have lasted, I cannot say; but it suddenly occurred to me one day, that I

could sleep as quietly at home and at much less expence. Roused by this reflection, I luckily recovered my voice, and vociferously bawled out, coach! coach! coach! (a stage coach meaning) and I have now nothing left to do but to finish the story of my unfortunate journey before I take my departure.

“Adieu, thou dreary pile!”

I have got two or three companions who were not much better off than myself; but on account of my pre-eminence in suffering, I have stipulated for the privilege of having all the talk to myself during the first stage.

I have now to thank you, Mr. Editor (considering this as a substitute for talking) for the patience and attention with which you have listened to my tale of woe. And to assure you in return, that if I can contribute to your useful and entertaining paper by any thing that I can do at a distance, it will give me great pleasure. More than that you cannot reasonably expect from your friend

PILL GARLICK.

#### SINGULAR INSTANCE OF FEMALE FORTITUDE.

A RUSSIAN lady, of high rank, was travelling up the country.—Her road led through a village, which had lately got an ill name for robberies and murders, and indeed was become formidable to the whole district. By some un-



foreseen circumstances, her arrival at this place was delayed till the night was somewhat advanced; and, as the post-boors absolutely refused to drive her any further, she was obliged to put up at a cottage. A conversation between them and some people of the village, which, by favour of the darkness, she happened to overhear, justly filled her with serious alarm. On entering the cottage, she perceived several fellows, according to custom of the country, lying on the stove. An old woman, whose physiognomy was not exactly adapted to inspire confidence, accosted her with the question, why she had hesitated to pass the night in that village, whether it was because she suspected, that she might not be safe in her house? and swore, at the same time, that there was not a man in it. The traveller, from long experience, being well acquainted with the character of the nation, took care not to confute this lie; on the contrary, she displayed the most perfect confidence, sat down with the utmost composure to take some refreshment, brought out a bottle of brandy from her case in the sledge, called down the fellows that were lying on the stove, and divided its contents among them. This behaviour, the bottle of brandy, and friendly looks of the doner, had their due effect; the slumbering, but not stifled sentiment of humanity awoke; and the good-natured, careless, and joyful humour, which is so

peculiar to the common Russians, soon broke out in noisy songs.— The traveller, seeing that she had attained her aim, laid her self down to sleep in an adjacent room; in all appearance without any distrust, forbad her servants to bring the baggage and arms, into the house, and even put out the light. At break of day, she found a Russian breakfast prepared, and her carriage ready for her further progress. Her departure from this band of robbers, was a moral caricature of a most singular nature. With the confession of their criminal way of life, she at the same time received from these people the assurance, that she and all the passengers that should make use of her name, should be well received, and lodged in safety; a promise which was accompanied with the rude but undisguised testimony of a hearty affection.

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JOAN OF BURGUNDY, SURNAMED  
LA FOLLE.

It is impossible to contemplate the affection which this princess bore to her husband, Phillip Duke of Burgundy, without feeling emotions of the strongest sympathy.— Upon the death of that prince, (the eldest son of Maximilian, emperor of Germany) the Queen, whose brain was somewhat disturbed before, fell into so deep a melancholy that it was with difficulty her attendants could keep her from famishing herself. During the

whole time of her husband's sickness, she had never, though in a state of pregnancy, stirred from his bed-side, either by day or night: and after he was buried, being told by a monk, that he had read in some legend, of a king who came to life again after he had been dead fourteen years, she immediately commanded her husband's body to be brought into her bed-chamber, where, having taken it out of the coffin and laid it in a bed of state, with its face uncovered, she kept it there as long as she lived. And when she was awake, was continually looking upon it, and watching when it would rise. So much was her jealousy of him increased by his death, that she would never suffer any woman but herself to go near his corpse; nor any of her sex, besides her old servants and confidants, to come within the doors of the room where it lay.— And when spoken to on affairs of government, she would say, "that it was scandalous for the widow of a good husband to let any thing trouble her thoughts, but the memory of her great loss."

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ANECDOTE.

CAMERIOUS relates a pleasant history from Jodocus Damboud, in this manner: "As I was sitting," said he, "with some senators of Broges, before the gate of the senate house, a certain beg-

gar presented himself to us, who with sighs and tears, and lamentable gestures, expressed to us his miserable poverty, saying withal, that 'he had about him a private disorder, which shame prevented him from discovering to the eyes of man.' We all pitying the case of the poor man, gave him each of us something, and he departed: one amongst us sent his servant after him, with command to enquire out of him, what his private infirmity might be, which he was so loth to discover? The servant overtook him, and desired of him that satisfaction; and having dilligently viewed his face, breasts, arms, &c. and finding all his limbs in good plight, 'I see nothing' said he, 'whereof you have so much reason to complain. 'Alas!' said the beggar, 'the disease that afflicts me is far different from what you conceive of, and is such as you cannot see; it is an evil that hath crept over my whole body, it is passed through the very veins and marrow of me, in such manner, that there is no one member of my body that is able to do any work: this disease is by some called *Idleness* and *Sloth*.' The servant hearing this, left him in anger, and returned to us with this account of him; which, after we had well laft at, we sent to make further enquiry after this beggar; but he had withdrawn himself."

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## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A GENTLEMAN was one day composing the music of a rondo for a lady, to whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss D——," said he, "what *time* do you prefer?" "Oh!" she replied carelessly, "Any time will do—but the *quicker the better!*" The company smiled at the apt rejoinder, and the gentleman took her at her word.

Remarkable instance of Affection in  
an Arabian to his Horse,

As related by the French Consul  
D'Hervinex, in his journey to  
Mount Lebanon.

"THE whole stock of an Arabian of the desert consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French consul at Said offered to purchase her, with an intention of sending her to his master, Louis XIV.—The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time; but at length, consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The consul not daring, without instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. Louis XIV. gave orders to pay the money. The consul immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courcer, and the gold he demanded was placed before him.—The Arab, covered with misera-

ble rags, dismounted, and looks at the money; then turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her. "To whom am I going to yield thee? to Europeans, who will tie thee up; who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! return with me and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced these words, he sprang upon her back, and galloped off towards the desert."

Madame de la Suze.

The memoirs of Madame de la Suze present a remarkable instance of serenity of mind under misfortune. This lady by contending with her husband, had brought herself into extreme embarrassments. Early one morning, an officer came to seize her furniture; her women acquainting her with the affair, the officer was desirous to walk to her chamber, where she was in bed. "Sir," said she, "I have scarce had a wink of sleep to night, and must beg your patience for an hour or two." "Certainly, Madam," was the reply. After which she fell asleep till ten o'clock, and then dressed herself, in order to go and dine in town, where she had been invited. When she had come out of her apartment, she said to the officer, "Sir, I thank you very heartily for your civility, and now *I leave you master here:*" then very composedly went out of the house.

## ON PRIDE.

"WHEN I visited your father at Pennsylvania, he received me in his library, and on my taking leave, shewed me a shorter way out thro' a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead: we were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, "Stoop, stoop." I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction: and upon this he said to me, "You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop*, as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people, by *carrying their heads too high*."

DR. B. FRANKLIN.

## MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Gad Taylor, merchant, to Miss Susan D. Kneeland, daughter of Seth R. Kneeland, Esq. all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. John S. Wallace, to Miss Catharine Garniss, daughter of Mr. Thomas Garniss, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Thomas Witherspoon, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Maria Martin, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. William Kerr, to Miss Ann Gibbons, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. George Degrasse, to Miss Mary Sleight, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Milledollar, Mr. David Munson, to Miss Clarissa Platt, both of this city.

On Friday evening, at Bloomfield, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Alexander C. Jackson, of the house of Wetmore & Jackson, of this city, to Miss Ann P. Coddington, daughter of Mr. Moses Coddington.

At Pleasant Valley, (Philipstown) on Tuesday evening, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Grane, Joseph I. Jackson, esq. of Fishkill, to Miss Ann Jane Garrison, daughter of Henry Garrison, esq. of the former place.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Willison, Mr. Elnathan Underhill, to Sarah Smith, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Robert Kennedy, to Mrs. Sarah Jack, both of this city.

.....

## DIED.

On Sunday, Mrs. Susannah Mansfield.

On Tuesday morning, in the 44th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Burton, relict of captain Joseph Hugh Burton.

On the 13th ult. at Sandy Hill, on his way from Canada to New-York, Archibald M' Neil, esq. his Britannic majesty's Consul for Louisiana.

.....

Deaths, in this city, during the week ending on Saturday last—men 10, women 5, boys 7, girls 10—Total 32.





.....  
For the Lady's Miscellany.

*ON PAINTING.*

*Written at a gentleman's seat in New-York.*

Oh how I envy that transcendent Art,  
That bids the glowing prospect rise  
to view ;  
With touch propitious, animate and  
new,  
That soothes the dearest feelings of the  
heart,  
Recalling scenes of joy to memory  
true.

Enchanting task ! Oh were thy powers  
but mine,  
To guide the vivid pencil bold and  
free ;  
To form beneath my hand, the rock, the  
tree,  
And bid the planets still celestial shine,  
Illuming all those scenes so dear to  
me.

Now, more than ever, do I want thine  
aid,  
Here, where each varying scene en-  
chants the eye ;  
The glowing morn, the placid evening  
sky,  
That beams, all ruddy, thro' the woody  
glade,  
And wakes the admiring soul to sym-  
pathy.

Here, how I wish each beauty to design,  
Where'er I turn my longing eye, that  
meets  
To bid it glow superior to my line ;  
For words are weak, nor can idea com-  
bine  
To paint, like this, a wilderness of  
sweets.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

.....

*From the Belfast Commercial Chronicle.*

*ON THE REVIVAL OF THE  
IRISH HARP.*

O ERIN, dear mother ! raise up thy sad  
head,  
For soon shall thy Harp be new strung ;  
Again shall those chords, which so long  
have lain dead,  
O'er the harmoniz'd soul their sweet  
melody shed,  
As by feeling's soft touch they are  
rung.

Arise ! from thy cheek wipe the fond  
anxious tear,  
Resume thy maternal sweet smile—  
Fell discord and strife shall no longer  
appear ;  
But friendship and love every scene shall  
endear,  
And bless, with their influence, our  
Isle.

Thy Harp, softly soothing, dear Erin,  
shall charm  
Each turbulent passion to peace ;  
As it thrills thro' the bosom our kind-  
ness shall warm,  
Fraternal affection our souls shall in-  
form,  
And bloodshed and slaughter shall  
cease.

The bards from their golden  
clouds oft shall lean,  
Delighted its warblings to hear ;

Kind nature shall fondly embellish the  
scene,  
And show'r on her own favor'd island of  
green,  
Each blessing that life can endear.

Love and hope shall bestow an enrapturing smile,  
As they sport o'er the gay sunny plain,  
Sweet peace and contentment shall bless  
the swain's toil,  
Joy, light-heart joy, every care shall beguile,  
As gaily she wakes the glad strain.

Simplicity o'er the green hills shall advance,  
Blightly tripping and bounding along !  
Pure innocence often shall join the light  
dance,  
And rosy-cheek'd beauty our soul shall entrance,  
To her harp, breathing soft the love  
song.

And why, sons of Erin, abroad need  
you roam,  
For aught that assistance can cheer !  
In what soil do the warm social feelings  
so bloom,  
O, where grow the virtues, that spring  
not at home ?  
(Oh ! stay then ! and cherish them  
here.

Thus the last aged Minstrel sung forth  
the bold peal,  
By the love of his country inspir'd ;  
While his accents were borne on the  
soft passing gale,  
Each true patriot bosom applauded  
O'NEIL,\*  
By the souls of his ancestors fir'd.

Erin rose from her rock, by the surge-  
beaten shore,  
Where long she had murmur'd un-  
heard ;

A fresh gather'd garland of shamrock  
she wore,  
Which from her bright temples in trans-  
port she tore ;  
And exultingly crown'd the old Bard.

Delighted—enraptur'd—her wild kind-  
ling eye,  
In fancy, the old Minstrel saw ;  
He struck a loud peal, that her joy  
might arise,  
And, echoing afar o'er the wide distant  
skies,  
Resounded bold ERIN GO BRACH-  
DELIA.

\* Mr. O'NEIL, the Harper, who has undertaken to revive our ancient music, has the misfortune to be deprived of his sight ; his wish is to instruct as many of the blind as possible. Thus, by acquiring a musical taste, will those, to whom Nature has denied one of her greatest blessings, have a perpetual source of enjoyment opened to them ; at the same time that they will be enabled to contribute largely to the gratification and delight of society, to which they are at present a burthen.

#### CHARADE.

My *first* by my *second* is us'd every day,  
And us'd pretty roughly I own ;  
But this is laconic, I know you will say,  
My *whole* is a village near town.

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